

Disappear Fear "On The Beach"

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Everybody's on the beach
Lovely bodies well in reach
I could've had a holiday
If that one hadn't gone away
Light another cigarette
For the buzz you'll never get
She lets me drive her brand new car
But not when I frequent the bar
I'm coming to get you
She plays the bongos night and day
My headache just won't go away

Tomorrow morn they'll find me dead
She wears her Russian boots to bed
Every day she goes to work
Woolen suits and fancy shirts
Nylons make the fellows crazy
They'd be so surprised to find me
I'm coming to get you
Ba da da da da...

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